

COPY of a LETTER,
WROTE BY
A YOUNG SHEPHERD,
TO HIS FRIEND,
IN
BORROWDALE.

A New EDITION.

To which is added,

A GLOSSARY of the
CUMBERLAND WORDS.



PENRITH:

Printed for J. Richardson, Bookseller, 1788.

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СВЯТОГО АЛЕКСАНДРА

УЧАЩИХСЯ

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СИЛЯЩИХСЯ ОТ

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СВЯТОГО АЛЕКСАНДРА

СИЛЯЩИХСЯ

СВЯТОГО АЛЕКСАНДРА

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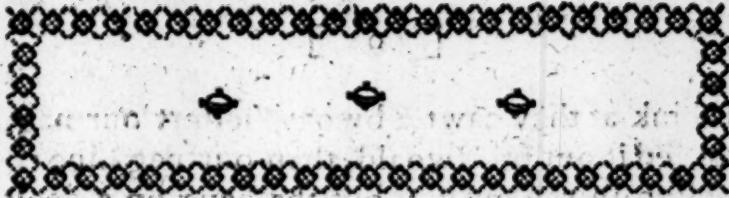
THE favourable Reception this following Production of an Ingenious Cumbrian Youth met with on its first Appearance, and the repeated calls for it since out of print, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient Apology for reprinting thereof.

A Glossary is added for the Assistance of such as have never been much conversant in the Dialect of this Part of our Island, and to whom without such Explanation, many of our Provincial words might be wholly unintelligible. The present Editor thinks it his Duty to acknowledge that for the last Part he is indebted to the Ingenious Mr. CLARKE, from whose History of Cumberland the Explanations are chiefly taken.

АДАМІЧНІ

Слово про Адама і Єву
і про землю, якою вони
живуть, а також про ім'я
Бога, яким вони називають
їх, а також про те, що вони
зробили, що вони роблять
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COPY of a LETTER, &c.

FRIEND,

I send te thisan, to tell thee a mackily what dredful fine things I saw ithi' rwoad tuv an at yon Dublin, an t' hardships i've bidden. I set forrat o midsummer day, an gat to White-hebben, a girt seafide town, whare sea nags eats cwols out o rack hurrys, like as barrels dus yal drink. I think sea nags is nut varry wild, for tha winter them i girt foalds wi out yats, an as I was luikin about to gang to Ireland, i saw tweae dusseen o fellows myakin a sea nag tedder styake ov iron; I ast yan o them if I cud git ridin to Dublin? an a man in a three nuikt hat, at knackt like rotten sticks, ielt me I mud gang wid him, for a thing they caw tide, like t' post oth land, was gangin an waddent stay o nea body niver. Than four men in a lile sea nag a fwoal

A 3

I think.

I think at thay cawt a bwoat, heltert our nag
 an led it out oth fwoald, than our nag slipt t'
 helter an ran away ; but tha hang up a deal
 ov wind clyaths like blinder brydals, wi
 hundreds a ryapes for rines. Land ran a-
 way and left us, an our nag had eaten sea
 menny cwols it was cowdy, an cantert up wi
 ty a end an down wi tudder ; I turnt as seek
 as a peet, and spewt aw at iver was imma ;
 Oh wunds I was bad ! I thout I sud ha deet,
 I spewt aw cullers. Neest day efter we set
 forrat, an island met us, tha cawt it man, I
 wad fain a feent cumd hard tull us, but it
 slipt away by an left us, but sum mare land
 met us neest day efter, but it was varra shy,
 but we followt it up, becosse tha sed Dublin
 was ont. I perswadet t' man ith three nuikt
 hat to ourgit it if he brast his nag, an he telt
 a fellow to twine tail ont as tha dua swine
 or bulls, when tha carry them to bait at Kel-
 sick, an tha wilnt gang on ; than we gat to
 Dublin presently. But I hed like tull a for-
 gotten to tell thee sick girt black fish we
 saw ; tha snourt when tha com out oth girt
 dub like thunner, an tha swallow land nags
 as hens dus bigg, mappen eat sea nags when
 tha dee. It was a nice breet mwornin when
 wi war i Dublin bay as tha cawt, whar t' sea
 gangs

gangs up towart land as a dog dus to th' heed
 ov a bull. Twea men i' yan o thar bwoats
 com to our nag side, tha cawt them paddeys;
 yan cuddnt tell thar toke be geese; tha
 drank heartily ov our watter, it stinkt tyu,
 but we hed nout better to drink, fort girt
 dubs as sote as brine, it wad puassen thee if
 thou tyasted it; we ga them tweas fellows ith
 bwoat a helter, an tha led our nag into Dub-
 lin as wild as twas. But oh man! what a fine
 country thar was ov tudder side on us, hooses
 as white as drip, an as rank as mice. Dublin
 town luik'd like a girt foald full o sheep,
 yan cud nobbut just see t' heeds on; chym-
 las luik'd like hworns, an kurk-steeple an
 spires, as tha caw them, like as menny gyote
 hworns amang tudder. Sea nags is as rank
 i' Dublin beck as if thou was luikin at ten
 thousand geese in a gutter. They hevnt
 foalds for them as we heve iv England;
 town keeps them warm i' winter, but tha
 feed tem wi beck-sand, as tha dyas at White-
 hebbens wi cwols, but nut out o rack-hurries;
 theyve a mouth in at t' side, whore men
 feeds tem in at, wi girt iran spuins. But
 oh man it was lucky, I leet ov a man at went
 to t' scuil wi me when I was a lile lad; wi
 war deevilish thick, an he sed he wad let me

see aw things ; if I hed gyan into Dublin be
me sell, yan may gang fifty miles a day an
dout but hoos for hoos, an like our Iwonins
for length, yan cannot see t' yearth for pyav-
ment nea whore ; nor I sud nivver seen awld
England agyan, if I hed been be me sell, I
dare say, for tha ur the deevil for settin yan
wrang if yan ass them. Thare's hooses tha
cawt public beeldins at sea fine, I can't tell
thee what tha ur like ; the Parlemen-house,
whore gentlemen gang to bate yan annudder,
thare's a vast ov girt styan props oth fwor
side ont ; thare's a rdom wi reed furms int,
whore tha feight, I luik its bluid mappen ;
thare was a lyle woman let us see that hoos,
about four fuit hee ; she was as thick as three
auld mears twind togidder ; I wondert at
she duddat grow heèr, leevin in a hoos
twenty or thirty fuit hee, but she was as
bryad as a haycock. Anenst it about a styan
throw off Parlemen-hoos, was collership-
hoos, its a bigger/plyace ner tudder ; if
thou was iver in a plyace whore girt crags
hingour ov aw sides o'the, it wad be like
t' square as tha cawt, ith middle o'th Col-
lership-hooses ; fwok at I saw there war
t' myaft o' them as black as deevils ; it far-
tainly isn't hell ? but tha say they git deed
fwoks

fwoks out o' thar graves. I think its true, for I saw a varst o' deed fwoks byans, an sum lockt up i glaſſe coffins, wi flesh on, an tha had barnis and bits o' flesh persirv'd i' bottles as fwok dus berries. There was a a fellow wid a bunch o' keys, at oppent locks an duirs as fast as luik, it mayad me think oth Rebelations, whore yan'reeds oth keys o' deeth an hell : Thou mappen un-derstands that plyace. We war in a plyace tha caw Musium, whore there's aw things at comikal, a thousan things at tow niver saw, ner I can caw ; there war muse-deer hworns as bryad as our back-bword, an bits ov ow manner ov whorns ; I cannot tell the what, but there's t' whorns nyam'd ith Re-belations, an weel hev a varst o' toke fra I be yable to cum and see thee.

I was at a plyate tha caw Common Ex-change, whore fwok fra aw nuiks oth wold, meet togidder, to bye an sell aw things at iver thou can nyam, t' midst ont's like a bee-hive, but stands o' top ov lang firestar 'egs wid a girt round winda ith crown ont, an like a wide hoos round about legs, at covers as mikel ground as t' tarn at t' Gowd-Anks inn, thou kenst. I saw a plyace tha caw

cassel

cassel, whore & man they caw Tennant leev's
 he's stuart ov Ierlan for our king ; t' lword
 meer ov Dublin 's his heed sarvent, an fwok
 sed he went throb hell to kurk ivry sunday,
 I thout it hed been sum street lwonnin mape
 pen, at thad caw sea, but I fairly saw him
 stannin like a duir steed, rais'd about twean
 yerds o' th' yearth, but I think he was chaind
 tuth spot, becosie he dudnt stir, mappen dead,
 but it was a durk black lwonnin coverd our
 wi black hoofes, an I perswadet my fuit to
 carry me a guid way off sick curositys, for I
 was amyast freeint to deeth : But it was
 varra week I had strenth to run away ; now
 thou may be sure I gev my comrad a
 deevilish dessin for trailin me throo hell, he's
 flait o nout, but carryt me to parish-kirk,
 its as big as town for girtness, an as menny
 fwok at it, there was hoaf a dusseen o priests
 at wark, but weed nobbut staid a bit when
 summet tha cawt roworgins began a beelin
 like a hundred mad bulls, an as menny lile
 lads ithar sarks began a screemin murder,
 I think, for ivry beel was like thunner ; my
 feet than carrt me without perswadin, in a
 calleevir ourf wok an aw at iver was imme
 way, till I gat intul a girt feeld a mile aboot,
 tha cawd it Staben's Green, I think efter a

man

man on a girt gray nag, at was stunnan a top
 on a dile hoos it midst ont; heed his sword
 drawn, but he durstnt git off for want o
 room; I think tha sed heed been freetent as
 I was, but I was sea freetent I hardly knew
 what I dud or sed, but I saw anudder man
 a top ov a like hoos, ith midst ov a girt street
 Iwonnin; It think they wer brudders, for
 their cwoats was like a flyated hoos fide, an
 tha wer as pale as deeth ith fyace like me scell;
 round t' fwoar cawd feeld was t' finist gravel
 gyat thou iver stept on, an thar was hundreds
 an thousans o fwok staylan about ont. I
 began to be as mad as I was at cwolly when
 it brack t' neck oth bell-wether, at tha wad-
 dent help t' man an his nag down when it
 was amyast dark; I was mad an swet for feer,
 an durst nut say a word, becosie there was
 sea mennny three nuikt hat men theer, an
 lyadies as tha caw tham (I'd better a been i
 Botrodale). I hev oft thought sen if we had
 yan o them lyadies amang our bigg she wad
 farra to keek t' crows oft bravely. I ast a
 man at I kent what wast matter wi sum oth
 wummon fwok at tha war sea bryad tea
 way, an he tellt me it was a fashion to weer
 huips; nut a badden nowther if it keep ther
 legs togidder, for there war sum o them

varra

varra bonny; but I waddent hev yan o them
 for a wife an shed aw Borrodale, wi out tha
 wad dof ther huips when tha gang to bed,
 for thar as bryad as enny bed in Borrodale,
 an thou knos there wad be nea room but a
 top o them, an what sleep cud yan git à top
 ov o whick bed; hang them, theyr aw white
 heedit like our weet-miller lasses, an tha
 tawk an ylp like mice. I wunder what tha
 see at fancy seek, but thave nice lie fuit,
 maks me think thay wad prufiv nimmel ship-
 perts ov our brant fells; an wi wad larn
 them to soav an clip, an thair huip pockets
 wad be varra farvicable to put adam in ov
 aider side, in a coald mworain it spring,
 when thair stärvt amyast, an gits lie milk;
 but to be shwort, as our priest ses in his far-
 ment, I hednt time to think ov ow this when
 I saw't, for my fuit ran wimma throo amang
 fwok an owr fwok sea fast, I freetent them,
 they thout that oth donnot was imme, they
 mud o thout reet if they'd thout at t' donnat
 had settin me forrat, for if tha keep seek
 farlies o purpos to freeten fwoks thare's nea
 matter how menny o them be trodden to
 deeth; but I'll promise thee I nivir stopt
 till I gat tull a sea nag at com tuv England,

an

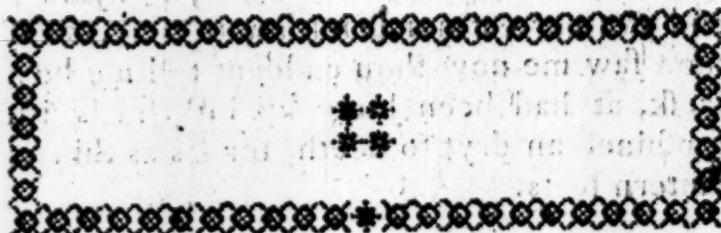
an I was seek agyan, afwore I gat hyam I
 cud nouther eat nor drrok aw th time, an if
 thou saw me now thou cudden tell me be a
 frosk, at had been hung up bith heels ith
 sunshine, an dryt to deeth, for I's as thin as
 lantern leets.

I think thou munnet expect to see me this month, this is three days at hyam, an I've a stomach fit to eat t' hørse ehint t' saddle ; I git five myals o day, an a snack when I gang to bed. ~~I whop~~ I's git strang agyan ort be be lang, an than I'll cum to see thee. This is nobbut like t' clock when it gis warnin to strike twelve, to what I'll tell thee when I cum.

My kind lyuiv tu tha, an may gyud luck
 keep thee fra aw ats bad, an dunnet be keen
 o gangin abroad for feer th' dunnet git thee.



A GLOSSARY



different parts of Scotland, containing words & dialects
of the Highland, Lowland, & Border Scotch, & also
of the English language. **A**d **B**ay **C**onfused **D**ark **E**ast **F**armer **G**lossary,
Highland **I**nsular **J**acobite **K**ing **L**and **M**arket **N**orth **O**urkney **P**ort
Queen **R**oyal **S**cot **T**own **U**nited **V**ictory **W**est **X**mas **Y**ule **Z**ygote
OF THE

PROVINCIAL WORDS, &c.

A MACKILY, in some fashion
Ast, ask'd
Brant, steep
Bryad, broad
Brudders, brothers

- Cwools, coals
 Cawt, called
 Cwoats, coats, garments of any kind
 Cuddent, could not
 Donnet, a Cumberland term for devil
 Ehint, behind
 Forrat, forward
 Froſk, a frog
 Girt, great
 Gangin, going
 Helter, a horse collar made of hemp, which
 is frequently used as a bridle
 Hworns, horns
 Huips, hoops
 Imma, in, or within me
 Kurk, church
 Lwonnins, lanes, here used for streets
 Lile, little
 Luive, love
 Myakin, making, or doing
 Mappen, perhaps
 Mickle, much
 Nobbut, only
 Nuiks, corners
 Oppent, opened
 Ryaps, ropes
 Sarra, serve
 Thisan, this

- Towert, towards
 Tudder, the other
 Varra, very
 Waddent, would not
 Wimma, with me
 Yal, ale
 Yats, gates
 Yilp, a term used here to express the chirping of birds, mice, &c.

F I N I S.

